Team Free Will plus the archangels. They save the world because the sweet tooth is an archangel thing, not a trickster thing.

It's all someone's fault, and someday Dean is going to find that person (probably God, but then he'd have to go on that road trip with Castiel and he's not ready for that yet) and give them a few choice swear words.

Because this? This is the most ridiculous apocalypse *ever*, and there has to be a more dignified, or at least impressive way to stop it. Somehow, distantly, Dean wishes that Sam hadn't seen Lucifer with a candy bar, and made some connections.

Castiel had been intrigued by the idea, and it hadn't been they'd fed him the sweetest pie Dean could find that he'd understood.

So it came to pass that they returned to Maine, to execute the most foolish plan Sam had thought of yet. Raphael was offered the best desserts Dean's stolen credit cards could buy, in exchange for his freedom.

It took two pieces of pie, one eclair, two bags of skittles and one bite of ice cream before Raphael gave them a look of wide-eyed wonder and vanished.

"That," Dean proclaimed as they tromped back to the Impala, "Was a stupid plan."

"But I am intact." Castiel said, still marveling at the feeling of being alive.

"True." That at least got Dean to stop complaining about it for another hour. Then all Hell broke loose.

Or, rather, three archangels appeared in the back seat next to Castiel, all carrying chocolate bars. The Impala mysteriously seemed to be the same size and still fit them comfortably, but that still didn't stop Dean from stomping on the brakes and nearly causing a crash on the highway.

Nearly. Gabriel had the car land in a private pasture some thirty miles away, Impala safe and parked.

"So! I hear you two had the brilliant idea of sharing some Earthly delights with my brother!" Gabriel was in far too fine a mood, and Dean was seriously considering climbing into the back to throttle him when Michael spoke up.

"In Heaven, there is no comparable sensation to eating chocolate. My Brothers and I have spoken, and we are in agreement: we will assist you in preventing the End."

Someone could have dropped a penny in the car and heard it, if not for the minor rustle of candy-wrappers and the sounds of angels eating chocolate. When Dean twisted around to look back again, Gabriel had passed a treat to Cas, and

Raphael had a Butterfingers instead of a Snickersbar.

"If this means you still want to ride me, the answer's still no."

"That will not be necessary. We will assist you in finding Lucifer, and then we will talk to him."

"About what?"

Michael gave him one of Cas' soul-searching stares, then went off in another direction entirely. "Gabriel's absence has been forgiven. He may resume his former position, provided that he continue to supply us with these delights."

The only thing keeping Dean from telling Gabriel that he was a certified crack dealer was the sheer power in the backseat.

That and the rustle of more wrappers being opened.

"Fine. Whatever. Where's Lucifer?"

Raphael handed a map up to him, with the town of Weedsport, NY marked in bright red sharpie pen.

"...We have to drive?"

"He has set up wards."

Later on in his life, Dean would look back at the moment as one of the silliest things he had ever done. He would also marvel at how the Impala stayed perfectly clean, despite the limitless number of candy wrappers the archangels in the back seat went through.